

Our Tenth BIRTHDAY Our Tenth

A NEW THING!

The Anniversary to be Celebrated in Seven Different Places.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth

WILL COMMAND.

TORONTO TO LEAD OFF WITH A BIG PROGRAMME.

THIS INCLUDES:

A DAY WITH GOD, TWO DAYS' STAFF COUNCILS,
A DAY FOR SOULS, TWO DAYS' FIELD COUNCILS,
AND A BIRTHDAY BANQUET AND DEMONSTRATION.

THESE GATHERINGS ARE FIXED FOR

DECEMBER 8th to 15th, 1892.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEE NEXT "CRY."

EXPERIENCE.
TUNE—British Land.
I've left the land of death and sin,
And the road that many travel in;
I'm going to seek a home of light,
Oh, Beulah Land. (Repeat.)

There are many who my progress stay,
And who will not let me go,
But I dare not listen to their cry,
For I seek a glorious home on high.

I often weep to see the world go by,
And many a man there is in
Our army, who seek not God why,
But seek the land of liberty.
Oh, I think of Jesus will me
And seek this land of liberty.
Our arm'd is bright and our weapons are
The Salvation Army is marching along.
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, the foe must be driven,
To join our Captain, the world shall be given.
If he should enrage us, we'll press through
The Salvation Army is marching along.

He will be with us, we'll press through
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, the foe we defy,
Served from all sides our war cry and song.
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, and do not delay,
The battle is raging, but victory will come.

The Salvation Army is marching along.

Oh, Beulah Land. (Repeat.)

When the mighty, mighty, mighty trumpet sounds,
Come, come away.

Oh, may we be ready to hail that great day!

The earth and the waters shall yield the

And the sun and with fury will awake from

The shrute of the angels will burst from the

And blend with the shrute of the saints as they

The cry of the lost ones, their groans of

And headlongships will meet in the air.

The cry of the bridgepon will echo around,

And the earth will go forth as the

sound.

Acknowledged by Jesus, confessed as His own,

Transported to glory, will sit on His throne.

SINNERS.

TUNE—The blast of the trumpet.

The blast of the trumpet, so loud and so

awful,
Will shortly res-echo o'er ocean and hill.

Oh, Beulah Land. (Repeat.)

When the mighty, mighty, mighty trumpet sounds,
Come, come away.

Oh, may we be ready to hail that great day!

The earth and the waters shall yield the

And the sun and with fury will awake from

The shrute of the angels will burst from the

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Great Memorial Services

The Late MRS. BOOTH

WILL BE CONDUCTED BY

Staff-Capt. McIntyre and Adj't Evans.

MONTREAL—SUN. EVENG. & MOR.

BROOKVILLE... WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24th

N.Y.—NOV. 19th, 20th, & 21st

KINGSTON... THURSDAY, NOV. 25th

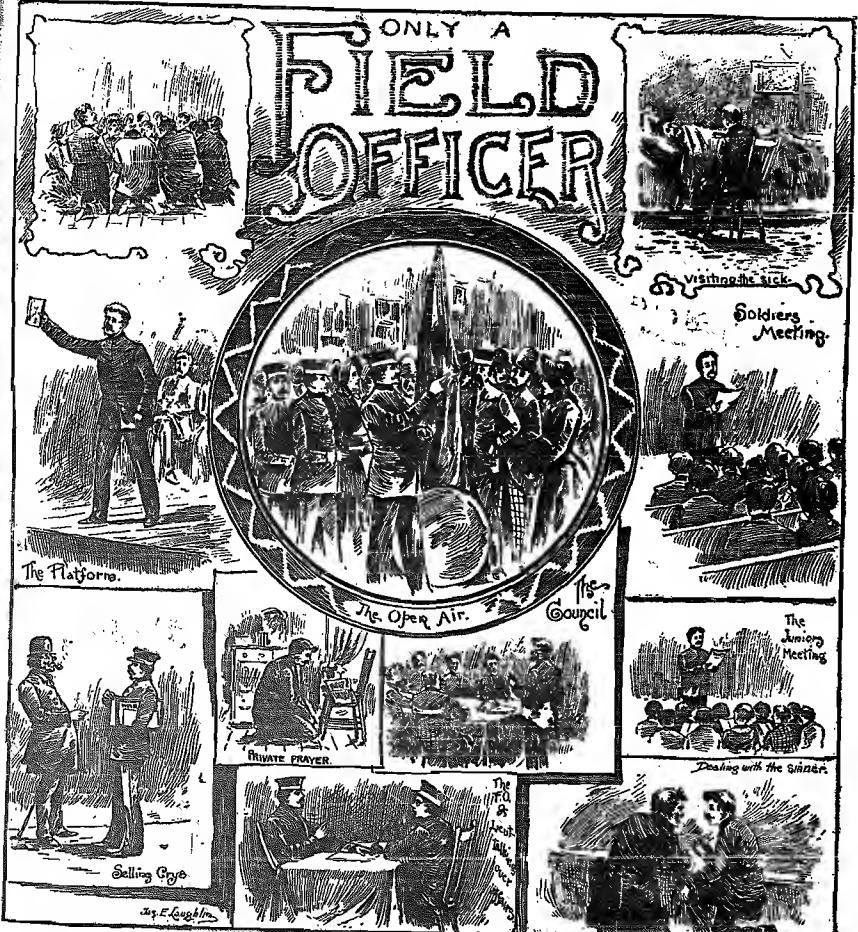
BOWMANVILLE FRIDAY, NOV. 26th

This Service will be illustrated by one of the Most Powerful

LIME-LIGHT LANTERNS in the Dominion.



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THE WAR CRY.

War Cry Office.
EDITOR'S NOTES.

Corps' histories are getting scarce again. We have half-a-dozen still in stock, but these soon run out unless officers buy any.

Corporals, would you like your Corps to have a copy of the *War Cry*?

If so, please give me the name and rank, and tell me to make haste. He is a long while about it; we have written him several times. Who is the galley?

The histories have on hand are the following: *General*, *Adjutant*, *Corporal*, *Sergeant*, *Private*. And not one of these at present are in print.

In every case we have sent out a copy to the General, and publicize the increased interest which is being taken in the *War Cry* all round, we require that the *Adjutant* and *Private* be made available. Will you

make these kindly notes?

And please remember: Illustrations are a great help.

Corporals, think of this also but the Christmas *Cry* last year. Christmas won't disappoint us whether you do or not, whether the *Adjutant* and *Private* are here or not, or whether you are absent altogether. That does depend on you very largely. The fact is, it seems to take a firm hold on the men, and once people have a desire to buy it, it is a great help that a few

can get them to write.

Now will you give us fair notice, and we will do our best? How many reminders will be necessary? We can't afford to wait, and you can't afford to wait. Please take it in full.

That supplement would be worth framing. The *Adjutant* and *Private* front page—Mark and Jupiter won't be in it.

Corporals, think now. The following words go with the front page:

"The Day May Green on High hath Valued Us."

We would like as many experiences possible from officers and men, from the *Adjutant* and *Private* and others. It is important and expressive. Time lasts everything. We have the *Adjutant* and *Private* and the *War Cry* with the Christmas *Cry*. Will every one contribute their share? It is a great cause. We would like to give longer notice, but this is impossible.

Nobody has yet restored any suggestions for the Christmas *Cry*. New Captain, what do you think? Have you not any ideas?

The Christmas *Cry*! The Christmas *Cry*! Oh, hell, all the Christmas *Cry*! The Christmas *Cry*!

LADY CAVENDISH

Speaks on the Drink Question.

In view of the recent stir in the daily and weekly press on the subject of the increase of drunkenness among the soldiers, the Lady Cavendish's paper, read at the Women's Meeting at the late Church Congress, deserves special attention. She spoke upon the subject of the habits of women of the middle classes. With regard to English drinking, she said:

"Most thankless may we be for the revolution (1848) which has brought us to this state. For years, has taken place in the habits of what is conventionally termed the 'best society.' A woman, who, in 1848, was a teetotaler, with just as much freedom from social censure as a member of any temperance-drinkers at London coffee-parties, who ran on risk of being driven out by the *Adjutant* and *Private*—

"I have always been a teetotaler, and still am bound to look upon the darker side of the question. I have, however, been a teetotaler for years, but when again I came to contact with her, she was the same."

Lady Cavendish said: "Something."

which made me look to her, and say: "I have learned of the kingdom from her. God has so arranged it that we were thrown in the same school, and she has been a good example to me. I have been a teetotaler for years, but when again I came to contact with her, she was the same."

She said: "Something."

When I first met her, she was a very quiet, unusually timid and retiring person.

Almost afraid of me, her own voice, to use her own words, and although her heart sometimes seemed to do work for the Master of the Universe, she was a quiet, retiring person.

When a lady friend, as I called for "what can I do?" in my innocence, I proposed the had an article written for the *Adjutant* and *Private*—

It was a glass of champagne cup that she was holding, so a young lady who could not get through the exertions of a London season without a bottle of champagne, and I remember my heart shrinking fears, and the devil had nearly no power over her, but she had not been very good, that her part was to be taken others right.

Mc. B.

